

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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The Fates of Michael Angelo.

Are these the inexorable Sisters Three?
These withered things, like witches of "Macbeth,"
The devil's sibyls on the blasted heath?
Crowned, and on thrones sublime, the Fates should be:
The distaff reaching from the loft to lea,
While threads of stellar rays weave life and death;
Black robes of Atropos e'en wreath on wreath,
Should burn with stars quenchless eternally.

For the Greeks had their Apotheosis,
Their Hades—Tartarus or Elysium;
The voice within the soul was never dumb
That told them of another life than this.
These should have beauty, too—of such a sort
That it should brighten their most awful port.

—Catholic World.

Daniel O'Connell.

The celebrated subject of this essay was born in 1776, near Cahirciveen, in the County of Kerry. His father was Morgan O'Connell, of Carhan, in the barony of Iveragh, Kerry, who was married to Catharine, daughter of John O'Mullane, Esq., of Whitechurch, in the County of Cork. The parents of the elder Mr. O'Connell had twenty-two children, and more than one half of this number lived beyond eighty years. O'Connell is the head of one of those great Irish septs whose origin is carried, through a vast procession of kings, to the days of the great Milesius, but whose real origin is, like that of the great families of Europe, in obscurity. They were originally, it would appear, chiefs or petty kings of Upper and Lower Connelloe, in the County of Limerick, and afterwards of a portion of the County of Kerry, whence, by the rebellion of 1641, they were driven to the County of Clare. The history of the family is pretty distinctly carried back to the commencement of the fifteenth century, a period beyond which few Irish families can penetrate by those legal documents which best authenticate genealogy. From the Reformation to the present century the family being Roman Catholics, all their distinctions were gained abroad. Among these Daniel, Count O'Connell, distinguished himself as a French royalist soldier at the outbreak of the Revolution.

When we compare the present with the past, we find that every day great men become more scarce, not because less great things are effected than of old, but that great deeds are now the work not of one man but of many, and in proportion to the number contributing to a work the glory of each individual agent is diminished. Ireland, with its untold miseries, its contrasts of luxury and indigence, with the large mass of its people animated by homogeneity of feeling

and suffering from common grievances, was perhaps the soil best prepared to nurture the glory of a single man.

The power of O'Connell was most extraordinary; he was, in fact, an Alexander the Great, a Napoleon in diplomacy and statesmanship; alone and single-handed, he, we may say, forced the British Parliament to accede to his wishes in behalf of his prostrate country, emancipated the Catholics of the three kingdoms from the tyrannical grip in which they had been held for centuries, and directed the affairs of his native country almost alone. I do not know if, in the history of nations, a single other such example could be found; examine, from Cæsar to Napoleon, the men who have swayed the destinies of nations, who have protected them by their genius or their virtue, nay, who even made the world tremble before their feats of arms, how many will you find who, to establish their power, did not first possess the majesty of civil station or the glory of fame? Would the name of Washington have reached us if that great man had not been a warrior before he became a legislator? What would Mirabeau have been without the *tribune* of the Constituent Assembly? or Burke, Pitt and Fox without their seat in the British Parliament? O'Connell was indeed a member of the British Parliament, but his great power goes back to a time when he was not so—it dates from the famous election of Clare; it was not Parliament that gave him strength,—but it was on account of his strength that he was in Parliament.

What, then, is the secret of this power, obtained without any of the means which are usually its only source? To comprehend the singular fortune of this man, it is necessary to go back to the political situation which was its starting-point, and which is still its foundation. Since most of you are well acquainted with the history of Ireland and O'Connell, I need not go back and repeat it to you from the time of the fatal catastrophe of 1798. No: the mention of the year in which Ireland was cloven down, and lay gasping beneath the feet of England, who crushed her without mercy, is enough to recall vividly to your mind the history of those times when, possessing some political rights, and menaced with their loss for having attempted to obtain by force others of which she had before been deprived, Ireland by an imprudent zeal to obtain complete independence risked falling into complete slavery, and for the future had no chance of its liberties and could no longer dispute the right of the invader.

After the union in 1800, Ireland became more closely linked to her oppressor, England, which, holding her as a rebellious slave, was tempted to punish her, but could not do so without violating her engagements and guarantees, which for once she respected. In this conjuncture, Ireland no longer wanted a general fit to lead an army, but a citizen capable of directing a people, a statesman to vindicate her cause.

O'Connell became her champion, and with his characteristic zeal, prudence and impetuous eloquence he succeeded in unriveting the most galling of the chains of his beloved country.

O'Connell's name as a diplomate and politician will ever be held in affectionate remembrance by his countrymen, and especially by all Irish Catholics. To those who remember his manful struggle in the County Clare for Catholic emancipation, that struggle that first brought O'Connell into the arena of politics, the year 1828 will never be forgotten. In the June of that eventful year, the herald of freedom to the banned and proscribed Catholics, O'Connell issued his address to the Catholic electors of Clare. He then said that he would rather be torn "limb by limb" than stain his soul with the iniquitous and "blasphemous" oath required from representatives in the English House of Parliament—and he kept his pledge that if he returned, the oath "would be abolished forever." He said he would go to Parliament to "represent the cause of Catholics and of universal liberty," and that the excluding him from Parliament would occasion "such a burst of contemptuous indignation in the world that it would overpower all opposition." Miss Cusack, who has written his life, tells us that the consternation was terrible in England. Who can forget Ennis on that nomination—that bright summer morning, when O'Connell had the peasants around him in thousands, thirty thousand they were reported to be, and "not one had touched a mouthful of that ardent spirit which is the special temptation of the Celt"? Yes, there was one, O'Connell's coachman, an Englishman and a Protestant, whom the patriot committed for breach of the peace. The election terminated in the triumphant return of O'Connell, and the enactment of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, before the Liberator took his seat.

Space will not permit us to give the now historic letter of the Duke of Wellington to the Archbishop of Dublin, Curtis; but we feel bound in duty to quote Lord Eldon's declaration, that "if ever a Roman Catholic was permitted to form part of the Legislature of the country, from that moment the sun of Great Britain would set." O'Connell presented himself at the Bar of the House. He was introduced by Lord Dungannon and Lord Ebrington. On the oath of supremacy and allegiance being tendered him, he demanded the new formula, which was refused. The Emancipation Bill required that all Catholics elected before the passing of the Bill should be sworn according to the old formula; this had been purposely to exclude O'Connell from the House. He was then requested to withdraw. On the 19th of May, 1829, he appeared at the Bar of the House of Commons and was listened to with attention. On the following day the patriotic Irishman again refused the oath; the seat was declared vacant, and O'Connell again became a candidate and was re-elected.

Not desiring to intrude on O'Connell's private or family life, I will quote a few lines from the author of "Sketches of the Irish Bar"—a gentleman who well knew O'Connell. Writing during his lifetime, he says: "If any one of you, my English readers, being a stranger in Dublin, should chance, as you return on a winter's morning, from one of the small and early parties of the gay metropolis—that is to say, between the hours of five and six o'clock—to pass along the south side of Merrion Square, you will not fail to observe that among those splendid mansions there is one evidently tenanted by a person whose habits differ materially from those of his fashionable neighbors. The

half opened parlor shutter and the light within, announce that some one dwells there whose time is too precious to permit him to regulate his rising with the sun's. Should your curiosity tempt you to ascend the steps, and, under cover of the dark, to reconnoitre the interior, you will see a tall, able-bodied man, standing at a desk, and immersed in solitary occupation. Upon the wall in front of him there hangs a crucifix. From this, and from the calm attitude of the person within, your first impression will be that he must be some pious dignitary of the Church of Rome, absorbed in his matin devotions. But this conjecture will be rejected almost as soon as formed. No sooner can the eye take in the furniture of the apartment than it becomes evident that the party within must be a lawyer. He is, unequivocally, a barrister; but apparently of that homely, chamber-keeping, plodding cast, who labor hard to make up by assiduity what they want in wit; who are up and stirring before the bird of the morning has sounded the retreat to the wandering sceptre, and are already brain-deep in the dizzying vortex of mortgages and cross-remainders, and mergers and remitters, while his clients, still lapped in sweet oblivion of 'the law's delay,' are fondly dreaming that their cause is peremptorily set down for a final hearing. Having come to this conclusion you push as for home, blessing your stars on the way that you are not a lawyer, and sincerely compassionating the sedentary drudge whom you have just detected in the performance of his cheerless toil. But should you happen in the course of the same day to stroll down to the Four Courts, there you will find the object of your pity miraculously transformed from the severe recluse of the morning into one of the most bustling, important, and joyous personages in that busy scene, environed by a living palisade of clients and attorneys with outstretched necks, and mouth and ears agape, to catch up any chance opinion that may be coaxed out of him in a colloquial way; or listening to his bursts of jovial and familiar humor; or, when he touches on a sadder strain, his prophetic assurances that the hour of Ireland's redemption is at hand. Now, any one who has once seen, in the preceding situations or the more numerous occupations of a leader of a people, the contemplative, active, able-bodied able-minded individual I have been just describing, has no occasion to enquire his name; he may be assured that he is, and can be no other, than Kerry's pride, and Ireland's glory, the far-famed and indefatigable Daniel O'Connell."

His religious career may be summed up in his letter to Rev. Father O'Meara, O. S. F.,—he occasionally called himself standing counsel for the friars, but that his "fee was only a moment of remembrance in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." O'Connell was a Catholic *pur et simple*.

The most painful episode in his life was his duel with D'Esterre, which he afterwards atoned for in a manner that did him credit. O'Connell's cause of offence was not such as would excite the ire and enmity of even the cross-grained politicians, of the present day. In his address to a meeting held in Capel Street, in January, 1815, he had spoken of the beggarly Corporation of Dublin. D'Esterre, who had narrowly escaped hanging by the mutineers of the Nore, was a member of the guild of merchants. He took umbrage at these words; being a first-rate shot, and knowing O'Connell to be a peaceful man, he resolved to horsewhip the Liberator; but not meeting O'Connell, he wrote to him. On the Liberator refusing to hold any correspondence with him, and returning his second letter, Sir Edward Stanley called on him, a hostile meeting was ar-

ranged, and the result is but too well-known. To his latest breath O'Connell never forgave himself for this act, and always approached the Holy Communion with his right hand, that had shed blood, gloved. He pensioned Mrs. D'Esterre and her daughter, and conducted a cause for her in the law courts at severe loss and inconveniences to himself. He was observed never to pass D'Esterre's house without raising his hat and breathing a prayer for his eternal welfare.

Who would not, whatever may be his nationality, overlook, nay willingly throw over these faults the pallium of charity, when they picture to themselves that same Daniel O'Connell, on that ever memorable day, May 20th, 1778, when in the House of Lords he stood holding in his left hand the oath to be signed and raising the other from his heart, with the palm downwards, he uttered these words: "One part of this oath I know to be *untrue*, and another I know to be *false*!" Would he not forget the past when he sees him in presence of a vast assembly of English noblemen, amongst whom, if a conspiracy against his life should arise, there would be none to help him, proclaiming the rights of his country, while the Lords of the House stood thunderstricken at the eloquence of that ever-glorious and undaunted son of Erin.

O'Connell's end was peace. The holy names of Jesus and Mary were on his lips. But a few words in particular in regard to his death will not be out of place, a death that may in a measure be compared to that of the two great men before mentioned, Cæsar and Napoleon.

When the conspirators rushed on Cæsar, determined to assassinate him, perceiving the steel flashing in the hand of Brutus (Marcus Junius), his friend, he exclaimed, "What! thou too, Brutus!" (*Et tu, Brute!*) and drawing the robe over his face he made no further resistance; pierced through and through with twenty-three wounds, Cæsar, whom Shakespeare calls "The foremost man of all the world," fell dead at the foot of the statue of his great rival, Pompey, on the 15th of March, B. C. 44. Napoleon, on his arrival at Paris after the battle of Waterloo, finding himself no longer treated as a sovereign, went on board a British ship, having previously written to the Prince Regent of England saying that "he came like Themistocles to claim the hospitality of the British people, and the protection of their laws." But the British Government, regarding him as a tiger, who was better chained than free, sent him to St. Helena, where he lived six years, and on the 5th of May, 1821, died, his last words, as he lay dying amid the crash and glare of a tropical thunderstorm, "*Tête d'armée*" (Head of the army).

O'Connell, on his way as a pilgrim to the Shrine of the Apostles, having arrived at Genoa and being unable to go further, as he passed beneath the gate of one of the ancient palaces said with pious resignation as he entered its silent chambers: "Well, it is God's will that I should never see Rome. I am disappointed. But I am ready to die. It is all right." Where can be found among heroes a man so resigned to the will of God! The superb though fading queen of the Mediterranean held anxious watch through ten long days over that majestic stranger's wasting frame. And on the 15th of May, as the setting sun was throwing its golden rays over the waters of the dark-blue deep, angels descending from their golden thrones on high, breaking forth into sweet strains called his soul away to a better land. And, the last words of that great and extraordinary man were: "My body to Ireland, my heart to Rome, and my soul to

God." With sobbing hearts, we could exclaim with the poet,

"O Erin! O Erin! what crime hast thou done,
That the light should be blotted away from the sun?"

Thus did the Liberator of Ireland, in peace and quietude, sink to rest in the cradle of Columbus. Coincidence beautiful and most sublime! Columbus was the pioneer of Catholicity in America, and O'Connell resembled him, for he was the pillar and upholder of Christianity and the liberty of Ireland, the twin-sister of America, and the day is not far distant when Ireland, the bonds and claims of tyranny lying unriveted at her feet, shall stand hand in hand with Columbia. O sons and daughters of Erin! well indeed may you deplore O'Connell, for you were his children; and he bore you

"A love so vehement, so strong, so pure,
That neither age could change nor art could cure."

J. J. F.

The Helmeted Cassiowary.

Next to the ostrich, the cassiowary is the largest of the stilt-legged birds. In his zoölogical characteristics he is not far removed from the former; but he is not so tall, his body is thicker and shorter, he is more massive. Several other characteristics distinguish these two birds, which in colossal dimensions far surpass all other species of winged bipeds.

That which first strikes one's attention when looking at the cassiowary is the peculiar nature of his feathers: they are entirely destitute of down, and resemble loose hanging hair. Their general color is a glossy dark brown. The wings are rudimentary; they hardly show themselves externally, and are only indicated by four or five tubes or quills. Such organs evidently cannot enable the animal to fly; still less can they help him to run by beating the air; he can make no other use of them than as means of attack or defence. There is a description given somewhere of a curious attack made in the Jardin des Plantes by one of these birds on the guardian of the menageries. Throwing his breast forward and with the quills erect, he rushed on his opponent with great violence, and the force of the shock was such as might have been dangerous for the man.

The head and a considerable portion of the neck are destitute of feathers, and splendidly colored with the most brilliant tints of the rainbow: slaty violet under the throat, blue on the sides, coral red on the back, and various other shades. An excrescence or comb, of similar colors, hangs from the neck, like the turkey's. The eye is small, and the iris of a clear yellow; it is supplied with a row of black hair in the form of eye-lashes, and this peculiar arrangement gives the animal a hard and savage look. At the upper portion of the base of the beak the bird has a helmet-shaped projection, which is simply a development of the osfrontis, and which has caused this species to be distinguished as the helmeted cassiowary. This singular and unique appendage is one of the most characteristic traits of the animal, and completely separates him from the stilt-legged bird of the same generic name, the cassiowary of New Holland. The foot of the helmeted cassiowary is proportionately short, at least shorter than that of the ostrich; the tarsi are thick and strong, terminated by three toes only, instead of four as we find almost without exception in the entire series of the class of birds. These toes are turned forward and are provided with claws, the in-

ternal one being longer than the others. To supply the want of the means of flying, the cassiowary thus possesses a powerful instrument for running, which serves likewise as a not contemptible means of attack and defence. The one that is kept in the museum of the Jardin des Plantes has been often noticed, when vexed, violently to kick the partition that separated him from the neighboring compartments, and the wooden posts would certainly come down under his blows were they not supported by strong iron bands.

In general the habits of this animal, at least so far as they have been observed in zoölogical gardens, and as they are described by travellers, indicate a savage, fierce and brutal nature; still it is not very hard to tame them. In zoölogical gardens he is fed chiefly on kitchen vegetables, beets, carrots, etc. He is fond of fruit, eggs, bread, and is generally very voracious. The quantity of water that he drinks is surprising: in the wild state it is said that he consumes four or five quarts per day; in the museum he hardly drinks more than two, which indeed is a considerable quantity for a bird, notwithstanding his size.

The habitat of the helmeted cassiowary is a rather small portion of the Indian Archipelago. He is found in the Moluccas, New Guinea, etc. It appears that he principally confines himself to the deepest forests of the island of Ceram. The name is slightly changed from that given him by the Malays—*cassuwaris*. His ways in the savage state are not yet perfectly known; to study them it would be necessary to penetrate to the retreats farthest removed from human dwellings. It is known, however, that he is not gregarious, but they go in single pairs. He easily escapes the pursuit of man and of his other enemies, thanks to the rapidity with which he runs. The female lays every year three or four eggs, not so thick, but longer than those of the ostrich, and she deposits them in the sand. She sits on them only at night, during the day abandoning them to the heat of the sun. Incubation takes twenty-eight or thirty days; the young are covered with down when they leave the shell.

Up to the present time no real and persistent effort has been made to utilize the cassiowary and to make him serve as food or for any of the other necessities of man; his flesh has a disagreeable taste. The cassiowary or emeu was first introduced into Europe by the Hollanders. There are many specimens in zoölogical gardens both in the United States and Europe.

The Picture's Message.

The studio was small and shabby, the little casement was fast closed to keep out the November fog. No view of nature from the window, no glimpse of the green earth; only a waste of housetops overhung by a leaden sky.

But the young artist working within took no heed of the dingy room or dreary day; his easel was placed in the best light, and everything else was forgotten in contemplating the nearly completed picture upon it. What a pure, ardent face is his? But why do the features seem so sharply cut; what has fixed that burning spot in each cheek? Alas! hard work and small pay, with all their attendant privations, have been eating his life out ever since he first sought employment in New York, and the end is nearer than he thinks. Yet he knows it must come soon.

"Give me strength to finish this beloved picture, and then—whenever Thou pleasest, O my God!"

This has been the substance of his daily prayer before yonder little crucifix for many weeks past; and now the finishing strokes are given, and the painting stands completed; the scene he has long desired to delineate is embodied at last, and the artist silently studies his creation. Will any other eyes ever look upon it as his do, love its stern beauty, and understand its hidden meaning? We shall see.

"Come, don't decide hastily; take time to think it over."

These words were addressed by a rich man to a poor one—by a noted publisher and editor to a struggling young author. And Arthur Austin felt them to be weighty words of prudence and advice.

"You see," continued the great man, walking slowly up and down his sanctum as he talked, "these poems of yours are very good for such a young writer,—very good indeed; not like the crude stuff I often have laid before me, but the productions of a cultivated and scholarly mind and of a fresh and vigorous imagination. But you will never make your fortune by them, or any like them; they are too dogmatic."

"Do you mean too Catholic?"

"Yes, I mean that, and something more. The fact is, Austin, the cultivated public don't want poems dwelling on the mysteries of Christianity, lauding its heroes, or illustrating its doctrines. Sentimental scepticism is the interesting thing now. Not that they object to dogmatism of some kinds. If you were to write a sparkling little pamphlet asserting that by some eternal principle, hitherto overlooked, husbands should invariably darn their wives' stockings, or our young ladies enjoy the privilege, or, as you would put it, the right of a perpetual leap-year, I should not mind wagering a trifle it would sell. You might denounce all holding the contrary opinion as either fools or knaves, and be as positive as you liked; that would merely give the pamphlet a pleasant piquancy. But woe to you if you preach Christianity in anything like the same strain."

The young man listened gravely: now he looked up and said, perhaps a little bitterly: "Thank you, sir, for the valuable information you have given me. As I understand you, if I contribute to the 'Monthly' I must keep Christianity out of my writings?"

"Does that shock you so much?" said the editor, with a half smile, for he was unprejudiced, and good-humored enough, like many another worldling. "Remember you are not asked to attack your religion—merely to keep it out of sight; and you may also remember it is not often any one is requested to become a regular contributor to the magazine."

"I know that, sir," said Austin, and now he spoke with real feeling, "and I appreciate your kindness. Perhaps I had better take your advice and think the matter over."

"That's right," said the great man, heartily. "You appear to have some visionary objections floating in your head, but a little reflection will dissipate them, I don't doubt. I should like to see the son of my old friend make a name for himself; and you will, if you only act reasonably. Now I must wish you good-afternoon, as I have an engagement at six o'clock. By-the-by, do you know any literary people?"

"No, sir; no one celebrated. I wish I did."

"Well, if you do join our staff I will introduce you to some friends of mine."

A few more kindly words, then the two parted, and Arthur Austin came forth into the brightness and bustle of the New World's Babylon.

And so the day had come—the important day that comes to so many of us—when the young author was to choose his career. The one just proposed to him was a pleasant and profitable one; his contributions to the "Monthly" would spread his name all through the educated English speaking world; he knows there is no better way to fame, and finally fortune, than through its pages.

Wealth is sweet to you, Arthur Austin, and so is intellectual and congenial society; it would be pleasant to know that your prose works were read and approved by thousands of cultivated men; perhaps pleasanter still to fancy your poems dreamed over by many a fair maiden. Yet there is a career open to you much higher than this one.

It is five years now since that examination-day when you stood at the head of your class and listened to the words of a distinguished ecclesiastic. He dwelt on the Church's need of able and scholarly men, writers particularly, whose inspiring accents should encourage their fellows, and exact respect, and even admiration from the opposite side; men who would yield to no Protestant or infidel in general culture, and who among the sham and sophisms of the age would bravely maintain the true and beautiful philosophy of Christianity.

Those words, from one who added example to his precepts, had sunk deeply into Arthur's heart. The young mind often has the quickest instinct for what is truly noble, really worthy of an immortal being; and what in later years we love to designate as "common" and "matured views of life" are often but

"The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth."

A priest walked quickly by; little did he guess a vocation was trembling in the balance: an artist, in passing, gave a glance of approval at the handsome face, but thought nothing of the soul; but an unknown friend has left a message for the young poet. He will find it soon. He has turned into a street of handsome stores, and presently pauses before a picture-dealer's. All poets have something of the painter in them, I fancy, and Arthur has often stopped here before to study the many good pictures exposed. The window is well filled to-night; fair, sunny landscapes and pretty female heads; studies of still-life, and one or two portraits, with other subjects, none of which, however, Arthur saw, for his attention was immediately arrested by a picture placed quite in the background—the one the young artist completed that dreary November day.

The scene was a stately marble staircase, bordered on one side by a row of timid suppliants—little children, aged women, and young maidens; down the marble steps came a man clad in the rich dress of the Roman Emperors when the great Empire was tottering to its fall; a coarse, brutal animal, this red-whiskered man, in spite of his magnificent surroundings; a bad face, covetous and cruel, and more thoroughly plebeian-looking than any other there. He has just snatched her petition roughly from that little girl, but is not reading it; his eyes are raised with a look of stupid surprise and terror to a window in the wall above him. Who stands there, looking down with a glance that awes even the brutal Emperor for a moment? A ray of morning sunshine just touches the head with glory, but all earthly beauty is gone from the once handsome face, and yet the elegant young nobles beneath look poor creatures compared to their former companion, the martyr called back to life as if expressly to give this warning to the persecutor. *St. Sebastian denouncing Maximian*: this is the picture's title.

Why did Arthur stand so long at that window; and why, when heat length moved on, was his face no longer clouded? To Austin, this picture of his boyhood's favorite Saint looking down as from a higher soul-level upon the majesty of imperial Rome, caring not for its splendor or the death he was courting, merely caring to give witness for the truth of Christ, spoke with an eloquent voice. It brought vividly to his mind a conviction he had long entertained that Rome of the fourth and New York of the nineteenth century are not unlike; that brave advocates of Christianity are needed now as then; that a false refinement and a false philosophy are rampant now as then, and that Catholics must be unworldly if they would conquer the world. Alas for old Rome! Alas for London and New York! The elegant, sceptical Roman, with his quiet disbelief in the Olympian fables, and his gentlemanly contempt for the "vulgar, superstitious Christians," finds his counterpart in the easy-going young Englishman and his keenly intelligent American cousin, who are both too clear-headed to believe in Protestantism, and who would never even suspect that Catholicity may be true.

"And I," thought Arthur Austin, "I, a son of St. Sebastian, was near deserting my post! Which is nobler—to be an instrument, however weak, in the mighty work of enlightening my dear country, or to take my station among the myriad other colorless writers of the age? Yes, it is better to give peace and light to one man, than amusement to a thousand, or even to see one's writings on every book-stall in the States."

The young artist's picture is gone from the window. It hangs now in the study of a rising Catholic author and hard-working editor. He is not a rich man,—it is not likely he ever will be; but he has not starved since that June evening some few years back. "So long as Catholic literature manages to keep me, I will keep to it," Arthur had told himself, and now it keeps also two others, one of them a little Sebastian, who already begins to love his patron Saint and listen eagerly to stories of him from his father's lips.

ETHEL TANE.

The Duke of Norfolk's Arundel Castle, Sussex.

[The following interesting description of the house of one of the Catholic nobles of England, sent to us by a most esteemed friend from that old historical part of the Island of Saints, called Clonmel, will no doubt be interesting to our readers.]

In the few following observations I refer simply to what may be seen by any visitor to Arundel. It may interest many of your readers, who may travel by the Brighton and South Coast Railway, to Brighton, New Haven, or France, to draw their attention to the treat they would enjoy by breaking their journey at Arundel, and visiting this world-renowned, historic residence of the Howards, on which time has shed his centuries, and left peerless mementoes. Sunday, the 6th instant, will be a bright spot in the memories of myself and my friends, who took advantage of an opportunity of enjoying this rare treat, on our return from France. A special train runs every Sunday from the Victoria Station, and from London Bridge to accommodate tourists, fishermen, etc. The distance is about 50 miles, and the return fare is, I understand, merely nominal. We were stopping in the locality; but some thousands of cockneys, with their wives, children, fishing-gear, and of course refreshments, debouched at all the small stations

adjoining the river Arun, and other small tidal rivers. An Irishman, or an ordinary English one, might as well be listening to the *patois* of a Normandy fishing village as trying to understand the dialect they spoke. But I must not digress. High Mass in the Duke's Chapel—this was the first treat; but let us first look around. It is a magnificent Gothic pile, seen for miles around, as it commands a splendid view. I should not go into architectural details, even were I competent; suffice it to say, that it has been erected by the present Duke, at an expense of £220,000 or \$1,100,000 and the tower, chime of bells, etc., are not yet completed. I have seen all the places of worship in Dublin, London, and Paris, and do not remember a counterpart in any except Westminster Abbey and Notre Dame. Both are much larger, but the style—the cruciform—is the same. The building-stone is, I believe, Portland, which has, I understand, the desirable property of being easily worked and fashioned, but still more so of hardening on exposure. The stained-glass windows are sights one does not readily forget, especially that opposite the altar, representing the several mysteries of the Rosary, and called the Rosary window. The Chapel is well lit, and in this respect differs from the solemn gloom and quite religious azure of the above-named religious monuments—monuments that have remained peerless for 800 years. High Mass was celebrated by his Grace's private chaplain, Canon Butt, and among the assistant priests were two with such Irish names as Keating and Burke, who have at least friends in this locality. I may here repeat what I was some years since told in London, at Moorfields, that if you go into any Catholic church from John O'Groat's house to the Land's End, you will find an Irish priest. The congregation was considerable, remembering the situation; and most noticeable were the orphans, maintained by the Duke, and the Sunday-School children—the female portion in both cases being attended by the good ladies of the adjoining convent, just inside his Grace's demesne wall. Following them, unattended, and kneeling immediately behind, was the humblest-looking gentleman in the congregation—the lineal descendant of "all the blood of all the Howards"—the Earl Marshal and Premier Duke of England. The Duchess was unable to be present, and we lost the pleasure of seeing one who by her unaffected charity and graceful kindness of heart has added another gem to the Howard diadem, as borne testimony to by all with whom we spoke. A noticeable feature in the service was the absence of female choristers. This, if I remember rightly, is the custom in all the London Catholic churches, owing to an order, or pastoral, issued some few years since by Cardinal Manning. Instead were heard the sweet voices of a number of young boys, and with the accompaniment of what is said to be one of the finest organs in England, the rendering of the High Mass left an impression not readily forgot. We had next a short walk to see the model dairy, and the adjoining lakes, with the gracefully sloping, magnificent old trees and hosts of swans, wild fowl, etc., that would require the genius of the greatest word-painter to give even a faint idea of. The waters of the lakes are of that pellucid crystal that enables the gazer to see double—swan and shadow, tree and outline—and to people their depths with the fairy imagery surrounding one of the finest scenes we had beheld in Ireland, England, or France. In the evening we had a rare treat, in a walk through the apparently limitless park, and were puzzled what to admire most: the beautifully undulating

slopes; the massive centuries-worn gnarled old trees; the herds of deer; or the wide majestic expanse of verdure; and with feeling of unalloyed pleasure and satisfaction, parted from one of the most remarkable scenes in England, that must be seen to be enjoyed. W. J. M.

Scientific Notes.

—Two new properties have been attributed to salicilio acid—that of purifying water, and of totally arresting germination.

—*Nature* suggests the use of the microphone to determine whether insects communicate with each other by any audible means.

—A woven book has been manufactured at Lyons, the whole of the letter-press being executed in silver thread. Portraits, verses, and brief addresses have often been reproduced by the loom, but an entire book from the weaver's hand is a novelty.

—It is announced that there will be an international exhibition of sea and river fishing material at Berlin in 1880. This exhibition will contain not less than nine departments. A programme will be sent abroad soon, giving all necessary particulars to those who may desire to forward exhibits.

—Capt Roudaire has once more started for the Shoel Jerid, in Algiers, and will report to the French Government on the practicability of filling that depression in the Algerian Sahara with water from the Mediterranean. He is accompanied by Dr. André, who will examine into the natural history of the country.

—In considering geological climate and geological time, Mr. William Davies suggests that the heat which the earth once received from the moon ought to be taken into account by physicists. He thinks that, at one time, the moon must have exerted an influence on the earth like that of a second or additional sun.

—At one of the last sessions of the French Academy of Science, Abbé Rouden, parish priest of Septèmes, made known the fact, that by means of a peculiar disposition, brought on by simple imagination of himself, he had been able to see the stars during daylight in the firmament, without the aid of any astronomical globes. If this should prove correct, a new means of observing the stars could be obtained in spite of sunlight and without cumbrous instruments.

—An American student of science, Prof. Mendenhall, of Columbus, has given a striking, though fanciful, illustration of the sun's distance. If a baby had (which is not customary) an arm ninety-three million miles long, and on the first day of its existence touched the sun; then, according to the best estimates of the rate at which feeling travels, the baby might grow to manhood and the man attain to extreme old age without ever feeling the pain of the burn. In fact, one hundred and thirty-two years would be required to convey along that monstrous arm the sensation of burning which had affected the finger-tips.

—The black glass made in Venice is famous for the intensity of its color, and many attempts have been made to discover to what special ingredient this is due. It is now said that M. Kayser, a Nuremberg chemist, has ascertained by analysis that manganese is the substance used. To confirm this result, M. Kayser melted in a small furnace a mixture of sand and sulphur, in which he introduced 15 per cent of peroxide of manganese. He thus obtained a glass of deep black color; in very fine threads or thin splinters it was of a sombre violet. In one word, it exactly presented, in respect to color, the same properties as genuine black Venetian glass.

—The heliograph was used for the first time in war by the British troops which operated against the Afridis on the Peshawur frontier, India. This instrument consists of a circular mirror, moving upon a universal joint and supported on a tripod. Wishing to send messages, the operator, by a quick elevation or depression of the glass, so as to catch the full glare of the sun, is able to throw flashes a distance of twenty-five miles. The length of the flashes correspond with that of the dashes in the Morse alphabet, by which the messages are translated. This

method of field telegraphy does away entirely with the dangers of wire tapping and cutting by the enemy, and, after a thorough test, had just been adopted by the Spanish military authorities.

—The well-known German geographer, Dr. Kiepert, says that the reported return of the river Oxus into its old place is a myth. Similar reports have, he adds, constantly appeared in the Russian papers ever since the time of Peter the Great, and many years ago the late R. Rösler, and the Orientalists De Goeje, in Leyden, and P. Lerch, in St. Petersburg, clearly proved, by a careful examination of the facts recorded in history, that the statements made in classic times and in the middle ages as to the Oxus having flowed into the Caspian were not based upon actual observation, but were merely the result of conjecture. Then, as now, there existed a dry river bed in the direction of the Caspian; but that the phenomenon belongs to prehistoric times was proved by the geological researches made on the spot under Gen. Stebnitzky from 1873 to 1875. No traces whatever were then found of canals or ruins of habitations, and the nature of the land below Khiva through which the Oxus now flows proves that many thousands of years must have elapsed since the river left its old bed.

—The church at Bex, in Switzerland, in which the Helvetic Society held its meetings last year, presents, it is said, a curious acoustical phenomenon. The interior of the building is rectangular in shape, except that one of the short sides is replaced by a rounded part. The pulpit is nearly at the middle of one of the longer sides of the rectangle. Now, persons seated opposite the pulpit heard a speaker near the bottom of it (a little to the right) very badly. But any one situated two or three yards from the middle of the rounded part, on one side of the door, heard with remarkable distinctness the least words pronounced from below the pulpit. Reciprocally, words, spoken in a very low voice from the rounded part were perfectly heard at the point occupied by persons addressing the audience, so that the latter were thus sometimes quite incommoded. It was a case of conjugated acoustic force. The effects in this church at Bex are said to be more remarkable than those in St. Paul's, London, or the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, Paris, often cited in works on physics.

Art, Music and Literature.

—A large portion of Lewis Sergeant's "New Greece" has been translated into modern Greek in the *Olio* newspaper, at Trieste.

—The first publication of "The Folk Lore Society," of England, is nearly completed at the press, and will be issued before Christmas.

—Gen. Horatio Rogers, of Providence, is now engaged in preparing for publication parts of a journal kept by a British artillery officer who served in the campaign of Gen. Burgoyne.

—St. Jerome's translation of the "Four Gospels" is soon to be printed by the Clarendon Press, Oxford. Mr. Wordsworth, who edits it, has gone to Italy to collect further manuscripts at Rome and La Cava.

—Gustave Doré has been engaged for eight years on illustrations for Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," and Hachette & Co., of Paris, are about to publish an edition of the poem containing them. They are 550 in number.

—Mr. Frederick Voss has written a book of 150 pages, on "Bibelots and Curios," which he will publish early in the coming year. A glossary containing French and English terms which have strayed from their original meaning will be added.

—William Black may be truly called a popular novelist in England. His "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" has reached a circulation of 13,000; "A Princess of Thule," 13,000; "Madcap Violet," 8,000; "Green Pastures and Piccadilly," 6,000.

—Five composers have offered themselves as candidates for the chair of the Académie Française rendered vacant

by the death of M. François Bazin. Messrs. Adolphe Blanc, Ernest Boulanger, Edmond Membree, Jules Massenet, and Camille Saint-Saëns.

—The hundredth anniversary of Hummel's birth was celebrated on the 14th ult., at Presburg, where he was born, and at Weimar by festivals. Herr Hoffman's opera, "Arminius," produced first at Dresden, has met with great success in Berlin; the tenor Herr Niemann had the title-part. Madame Pauline Lucca was to give six representations at the Imperial Opera-House in Vienna. Madame Adelina Patti was recently in Berlin, and appeared at the Kroll Theatre on the 23d ult. Madame Heilbron was to be the star at Brussels this month.

—Prof. J. Norman Lockyer, assisted by his wife, has undertaken a new work as a successor to his English edition of Amedee Guillemin's "Forces of Nature," the parts of which have now all been completed. The new work is also by Amedee Guillemin, and is entitled "The Application of Physical Forces." It will appear in eighteen monthly parts, and will contain four colored plates and nearly five hundred engravings. Mrs. Lockyer translates it from the French and her husband edits it with an introduction, additions, and notes. Macmillan & Co. are the publishers.

—There is dire discord in the camp of the Wagnerites. Herr Vogl and Herr Naumbaur, who were both included in the original cast of the trilogy at Bayreuth, have, through jealousy, had a violent quarrel, and the King of Bavaria, in disgust, has countermanded the private performance of the whole of the "Nibelungen Ring," which this eccentric monarch has ordered for himself only at the Munich Hoftheatre. The quarrel spread among the artists, and, although the whole of the opera was performed on the 17th, 19th, 21st, and 22d ult., the repetition has been postponed till January.

—Hitherto little has been known of the history of the beautiful little "Madonna and Child," by Raphael, now called the "Madonna Conestabile," which was bought by the Emperor of Russia, in 1871, from its Italian possessor, for the sum of \$66,000. A writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* traces it from its first possessor, Alfano Alfani, a distinguished gentleman of Perugia, down to its last, Giancarlo Conestabile, who was obliged, from adverse circumstances, to part with this family heirloom. Since it has been in Russia, the picture has been transferred from wood to canvas, a perilous operation; but this has been accomplished with successful results.

Books and Periodicals.

—We return thanks to the *I. C. B. U. Journal*, of Philadelphia, for the report of the "Contributions to the Father Matthew Camp" during the yellow-fever epidemic of 1878.

—We received from Messrs. Thomas B. Noonan & Co., 23 and 25 Boylston St., Boston, Mass., "Emerald Gems: a Chaplet of Irish Fireside Tales," which we will notice next week.

—The December number of *Our Young Folk's Magazine* is in every way a worthy successor of the excellent numbers which have preceded it. It is just the magazine for young boys.

—The *Catholic World* opens the new year brilliantly. "Rome's Recruits" treats of a subject that has been much before the public of late with sound judgment, humor, and good taste. "Italy and the Pope" throws rather a startling light on the value of the *plébiscite* in Italy and the worth of the pledges of the Italian Government. "Two Famous Deans" contrasts in a lively and picturesque manner Dean Swift and Dean Stanley. "Technical Education" is an article of universal interest, and which is sure to commend itself to the attention of all who are concerned about the education of youth, especially the youth of the poorer classes. "Felix Dupanloup" brings the great dead Bishop before us living and real as he was in the flesh. "The Year of Our Lord 1878" deals with the events of a most memorable and eventful year in a manner characteristic of the magazine.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, December 28, 1878.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWELFTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains: choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical and Literary Gossip of the day.

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.

Personal Gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class and by their general good conduct.

A weekly digest of the news at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind.

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New Year's Day.

Next Wednesday a new year will begin. As our next issue will not appear until after that day is come and gone, we take time by the forelock and wish our readers all A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR. And this wish is not simply out of politeness or because it is customary among men to make it during these joyful holidays; but it is because our acquaintance with our readers through these columns makes us really and sincerely desire that the coming year be one of joy and prosperity that we repeat the hearty salutation, A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

This is the time of the year when resolutions are made. That they are not always kept is a fact well known, and one which gives newspaper men an opportunity for displaying their wit. Of the resolutions made at the close of the old and the beginning of the new year, probably not more than one out of ten is kept through the twelve months that follow. It is an easy matter enough to make a resolution; the difficulty lies in adhering to it. There are so many things to tempt us to do, things we have resolved to refrain from, that our poor nature is often found to succumb to it. But though all resolutions have not in the past, and will not in the future be kept by all those who make them, that is no reason why each and every one ought not, at this time, to enter seriously into themselves and, considering what they find themselves lacking in, resolve during the coming year to remedy it as completely as possible. More especially ought those attending class examine carefully into the causes why they may not have succeeded better in this, or that, or all their studies. If they find that it is because they have not given as much time to the particular study in which they have failed, resolve to give all the time to study which is marked down in the rules of the house. And moreover they must not make this resolution with the feeling that they will not be able to keep it,

but with a firm determination to abide by it throughout the year. If this is done, then when the twelve months shall have gone by, and another cycle shall begin, looking back on the past and seeing what has been accomplished, each and every one can say: "Really and truly I have passed a happy new year."

High Schools.

In the last number of *Barnes' Educational Monthly*, the editor of that excellent journal asks why there should be any opposition to the High Schools which are now erected in nearly every city in the land, and wonders why this opposition should come from the poor man, whose sons, he claims, are equally welcome there with the rich man's sons. Had the editor given the matter a little reflection he would have seen how weak are his arguments in favor of these schools, as well as many objections against the schools themselves.

In the first place is it true that the child of a poor man can attend the High School? Theoretically every one can do so; practically, only the rich, for it is a matter of fact that a young boy or girl in threadbare coat or calico gown is not often seen in attendance. There are few young people who can stand sneers and ridicule, and that is what shabbily-dressed children receive if they attempt to cross the threshold of the rich children's school. Then, again, the children of the laboring man as a rule are not free to attend school after a certain age, since the necessity of learning a trade or of helping in the support of the family necessitates their leaving school young. Besides this, there is a question whether it is well for the children of working men generally to be educated in a manner that only places them above their normal position in life without giving them the means of supporting themselves in a higher one. The ill effects of such procedure are witnessed every day, with only an occasional redeeming exception out of thousands. As a consequence, these High Schools, erected at great public expense, paid for as well by the taxes of the laboring man as by the taxes of the rich, are filled with the children of rich people, people who are well enough able to pay for the education of their offspring and who should have too much honor and manhood to ask that the money of his neighbors should be used to educate those of his flesh and blood. It is a crying injustice to the man of moderate means that while his children must at an early age leave school and enter the shops to earn the small pittance of wages now paid, he must pay taxes on his small lot to help educate the children of those who are the possessors of thousands of dollars, and we cannot see why the injustice is not righted.

We believe, then, that these High Schools are a burden and an injustice to a large class of the community. We believe them to be the result of class-legislation, instituted for the rich alone. If the State must take upon itself the education of children, all that it ought to do is to establish and maintain primary schools. In doing this it would not, at least, discriminate between the rich and the poor. For higher education, the State can and ought to leave that to the parents of the children, and if the rich man wants for his children an education higher than that received in the primary school let him pay for it; he is able. Let the Government no longer tax all the people for the benefit of the few rich families.

Notre Dame in Winter.

Those who have been at Notre Dame only on Commencement Day, in June, when the summer sun pours down his brilliant rays, can form but a vague idea of Notre Dame in winter. Even those who come at the opening of classes in September can have no conception of the capacity Notre Dame has of receiving the cold impression of a hard winter time. That much maligned season of the year, winter, sets in here some time about the latter end of November, and, except during several days of bright weather in January, the sun obstinately refuses to give countenance to the proceedings of the season, and only begins to show his beaming face when the spring time comes—and even then by fits and starts. Nevertheless, winter is by no means a gloomy season here. In doors everything is more lively than at any other time. Studies are pursued with greater zest. The Societies, Literary and Dramatic, owe their best days to winter. The Literary Societies, especially, have advantages in the long winter evenings that neither spring nor autumn affords them. Instead of spending the evening hours on the playgrounds, practicing "catch," and indulging in long promenades and conversations, as is the case after Easter, the members prefer to congregate in the debating room, and amuse themselves by "going for" each other. It is during winter that the Juniors spread themselves most extensively, and the St. Cecilians and Philopatrians arrive at the top rung of the ladder—speeches, orations, personations and declamations being as plenty as blackberries. In winter, the Seniors pay more attention to their duties as members of Literary Societies, wherefore the Philodemics and Columbians are more prolific in grave essays, and well-sustained debates. Winter is a time when men are better able to keep cool; and hence the advantage of that season over all others for the decorous carrying on of a debate on some burning question.

You may imagine that out of doors things look desolate. Not at all. It is true the rich foliage of the trees is lacking. Nature's winter fashion is not so gay nor so variegated as she indulges in at other seasons. Still when she puts on her white mantle of snow, the grounds around Notre Dame look as beautiful as they do in summer—provided you view them from the window of a room, in which there is a good fire, or plenty of steam. As for enjoyment—why, who is there that doesn't know how much more boys can enjoy themselves in winter than in any other season? Do not talk of your sweltering games of baseball with the thermometer 90° in the shade. It is true that it is great fun to have your finger knocked out of joint, or to have your head caressed by a flying bat, and, provided you are not killed outright, what a luxury there is in having a ball strike you in the pit of the stomach! but notwithstanding this agreeable and exciting game, which winter very properly frowns upon, the bracing air, the healthy draughts, the biting breezes, the invigorating frosts, the nipping mornings of old winter, afford such an amount of stimulus to the physical system that the outdoor amusement is a thousand per cent. better than at any other time of the year.

Now the foot-ball is all the go. Take care of slippery ground, be sure of a good foundation, and then kick away to your heart's content. Doesn't that make the blood circulate rapidly, go to and from the heart, making it pulsate with healthy throb? Look at those ruddy Juniors, the pictures of health, looking as natural as life! Why the Minims have a foot-ball twice as big as the head of the big-

gest one of them; and the way they do kick that ball is a caution to shoemakers to be on the alert.

"Taking it all around," we have reason to hope for a pretty lively winter. Christmas is now upon us, and the festivities of this time are in excellent prelude to the examination at the end of the first term. There is the memory of an old song humming through our head at this moment, the words of which advise boys to go it while they are young. We hope that those who remained at College, or went to their homes during the holidays, have had a good time, and that they will resume their classes at the beginning of January with renewed vigor.

Personal.

—John Rousey, of '58, is a practicing dentist at Toledo, Ohio.

—Rev. C. Kelly, Prefect of Discipline, is spending the holidays with Rev. J. O'Keefe, at Cincinnati, Ohio.

—Mr. Charles Orr, of Stubenville, O., has our thanks for a box of fragrant Havanas, sent for Christmas Day.

—We expect to receive a large number of personals on the return of the students from their holiday vacation.

—James J. Daly (Commercial), of '59, is a member of the firm of Henrotin, Daly & Co., No. 144 and 146 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

—Bro. Lawrence, assistant prefect in the Junior Department, left for Canada last Monday. He will spend the holidays there with his friends.

—We are sorry to learn from the *Cincinnati Enquirer* that Joseph P. McHugh, of '78, received severe bodily injuries accidentally a few days ago.

—From the *New York Sun* and *New York Herald* we see that Robert Pinkerton (Commercial), of '68, the great detective, stood in peril of his life while removing a prisoner, known as "Red Leary," in his charge. He was attacked by a gang of "roughs" whom he kept at bay with his revolver.

—Dr. C. J. Lundy, well known at Notre Dame as a teacher here, and physician to the College some five years ago, is now connected with the Eye and Ear Department of St. Mary's Hospital, Detroit, Mich. Dr. Lundy has lately contributed to the *Detroit Lancet* a fine paper on "Optic Neurites, with Notes of Three Cases." The article has been reprinted in pamphlet form, and for a copy of it the Doctor will please accept our thanks.

—The *Waukesha County Democrat*, in a sketch of the life of the late Col. Richard Dunbar, so well known at Notre Dame, says: "In the death of Col. Dunbar our people mourn the loss of their greatest benefactor. It is to his liberality, persuasive eloquence, indomitable perseverance and energy that Waukesha, in a great measure, owes such rapid growth, proud eminence, and enviable reputation as a pleasant summer resort, and as the place where nature with lavish munificence furnishes the great panacea for the most insidious afflictions of mankind. It is only necessary to knock and you shall receive; ask, and it shall be opened unto you. The writer will be pardoned this digression as the subject matter is so closely interwoven with the life of the subject of these lines. Col. Dunbar enjoyed in an eminent degree the admiration and respect of all persons with whom he had any personal or business relations. He was as generous as a prince to all public and private charities, and liberal with his means in the cause of religion and education. In his social relations Col. Dunbar was always a courteous gentleman, an elegant conversationalist, a warm friend and kind neighbor. In his domestic relations he was a loving and devoted husband and father. The demise of Col. Dunbar leaves a void in our community that cannot be filled. Besides the public sorrow generally expressed, a large circle of family connections and friends lament the loss so unexpectedly inflicted, and all unite in expressions of sympathy and condolence with the bereaved widow and sorrow-stricken daughter of the deceased."

Local Items.

- It was very cold at the beginning of the week.
- The room of the St. Cecilians is being fitted up.
- Classes will begin immediately after New-year's Day.
- Are we to have a January thaw this—no, aw! next year?
- The new organ for the St. Cecilians will be here in a few days.
- The best medium for advertizing is the *Scholastic Almanac*.
- All flesh is grass: this accounts for so many people being green.
- The majority of the students went to their homes for the holidays.
- ✓ —Prof. Lyons has placed the St. Cecilians' room in care of Master Geo. Orr.
- Quite a number of lectures are to be given in Phelan Hall after the holidays.
- After all, the recreation-halls were quite lively with boys during the week past.
- The Philopatrians will give a magnificent Entertainment some time in January.
- Quite a number of the Prefects went to Chicago with the students on Monday last.
- The St. Cecilians had a grand reunion on Sunday last, when they treated all their friends.
- The musical advice, "See sharp (C \sharp) or you will be flat (B \flat)," is now followed by all.
- Though a few days ahead of time, nevertheless we wish all our readers A HAPPY NEW YEAR!
- The Juniors made a very acceptable present to Bro. Leander, head prefect, on Christmas Day.
- The best behaved and jolliest crowd of boys you could find were those who went home last Monday.
- The snowstorm of Sunday kept the students bound West waiting several hours in South Bend last Monday.
- There was rec. in the halls every night the past week. Music, speeches, declamations, etc., gave enjoyment to all.
- It is to be hoped that every student will bring us a large number of personals when he comes back after the holidays.
- ✓ —Charles W. Walters, of '75, now practicing law at Fort Wayne, Ind., has subscribed \$5 for the new Chapel of the Sacred Heart.
- After scraping away considerable snow from the ice on the lake, the students managed to have pretty good skating on Monday last.
- The St. Cecilians and Philopatrians will give an Entertainment during the holidays. We hear that the "Egyptian Mummy" will be given.
- Master J. Brady's name was omitted from the Roll of Excellence last week. Also the name of R. Mayer in the programme of the St. Cecilians.
- Those members of the Law Class who remained here during the holidays attended the sittings of the Circuit Court in South Bend for several days.
- With the exception of skating, there have been no outdoor amusements indulged in by any of the departments. Cause—the weather was a little too cold.
- The prize offered by the head prefect of the Junior Department was voted by the students of that Department to Master A. J. Zahm, of Huntington, Ind.
- The psalms at Vespers to-morrow are the same as those on Christmas Day, page 64 of the Vesperal. In the morning the Mass will be the *Missa Parvulorum*.
- One hundred and thirty-four students remained at Notre Dame during the Christmas vacation, viz., sixty Seniors, forty-two Juniors, and thirty-two Minims.
- Next Wednesday is the Feast of the Circumcision of our Lord. Vespers may be found on page 72 of the Vesperal. In the morning the *Missa Regia* will be sung.
- Let everyone who is working for an honor remember

that any unnecessary delay in South Bend, on returning after the holidays, will be an objection against them.

✓ —The 14th meeting of the St. Cecilians was held on the 20th. Various reports were read and adopted. F. Bloom read an essay. A. Zahm and Frank McGrath declaimed.

—There has been splendid sleighing the past week. The snow sadly interferes with the skating. Some students, however, managed to enjoy some of this last named sport.

—There were no meetings of the various societies during the past week, on account of the absence of so many of the members. The meetings will be resumed after the holidays.

—The prize given by Bro. Lawrence to that student judged by the faculty to have given the best satisfaction in class, study-hall, recreation, etc., was awarded to Master A. Rock, of Lincoln, Ill.

—All the young students who remained here for the holidays received boxes from their homes. Cold turkey was so common the past week that we are afraid some of the boys may take a dislike to the fowl.

—The prize offered to that student in the Junior Department who during the months passed since the opening of the session had his name on the List of Excellence the oftenest was given to Master J. Kurz, of Dubuque, Iowa.

—The best Bulletin for December in the Junior Department was received by F. B. Phillips, of Fort Wayne, Ind. The next best Bulletins were received by M. J. Burns of Grand Rapids, Mich., and G. Schnull, of Indianapolis, Ind.

—At the Entertainment next Tuesday evening there will be instrumental music by the Band and the String Quartette. There will also be a number of songs given on the occasion. Speeches, declamations, etc., will also be given.

—The prize to be given to that student in the Junior Department who during the part of the session now passed has been most remarkable for politeness was awarded to Messrs. Geo. Donnelly, of Chicago, and M. Foote, of Burlington, Iowa. On cutting for the prize it was won by M. Foote.

✓ —At the 13th meeting of the Philopatrians the following delivered declamations: J. Scanlan, J. Adams, P. Perley, H. Fenner, J. Dimick, G. Castaneda, R. French, M. Foote, J. Kennedy, F. Gaffney, J. Boose, H. Devitt, J. Devitt, R. Pleins, J. O'Donnell, O. Eigholz, A. Mergentheim, P. Crowley, J. Schoby, W. Cannon, E. Sugg, J. Morgan, J. Guthrie, C. Rietz, C. Van Mourick.

—Christmas Day passed off pleasantly at Notre Dame. Solemn High Mass was sung at 5 o'clock by the Very Rev. President, with Rev. Fathers Franciscus and Stoffel as deacon and subdeacon. At ten o'clock, a. m., Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Father Granger, with Rev. Fathers L'Etourneau and Franciscus as deacon and subdeacon. On account of the great cold, there was no midnight Mass.

✓ —The Philopatrians and St. Cecilians held a grand union banquet on the 21st, to which they invited the ex-members of these Societies now in the Senior Department. There was an abundance of turkey, oysters, etc., and a hearty repast was made. At the conclusion of the banquet speeches were made by the Very Rev. President of the College, Rev. Father Walsh, Prof. Stace, Prof. Lyons, Samuel Spalding, and others. Every thing passed off pleasantly.

✓ —The names of those students in the Junior Department who since the opening of the session have most frequently held first place in the monthly competition are: J. Kurtz, of Dubuque, Iowa, 10 times; F. W. Bloom, of Vincennes, Ind., 9 times; K. Scanlan, of Washington, D. C., 7 times; A. Rietz, W. Rietz, of Chicago, and J. W. Guthrie, 6 times; J. F. Mug, of Lafayette, Ind., F. Glade, of Chicago, Ill., M. J. Burns, of Grand Rapids, Mich., 5 times; G. Schnull, of Indianapolis, Ind., Frank McGrath, of Chicago, G. Orr, of Steubenville, Ohio, J. Schneider, of Hamilton, O., B. Casey, of Erie, Pa., F. Weisert, of Vincennes, Ind., and J. A. Gibbons, Keokuk, Iowa, 4 times.

—In September the managing editor of the SCHOLASTIC offered a prize to that member of the Junior Department whose name would appear most frequently on the Roll of Honor from that month until the holidays. The follow-

ing young gentlemen's names appeared during that time on the Roll every week without exception, viz.: A. Rock, of Lincoln, Ill.; K. L. Scanlan, of Washington, D. C.; M. J. Burns, of Grand Rapids, Mich.; W. J. McCarthy, of Boonville, Mo.; H. G. Niles, of Mishawaka, Ind.; J. M. Scanlan, of Chicago, Ill.; A. F. Zahm, of Huntington, Ind.; A. A. Caren, of Columbus, Ohio; G. H. Donnelly, of Chicago, Ill.; F. Glade, of Chicago, Ill.; J. Kurz, of Dubuque, Iowa; G. A. Orr, of Steubenville, O.; G. C. Castanedo, of New Orleans; J. C. Schoby, of Danville, Ill.; and H. M. Haerly, of Huntington, Ind. On cutting for the prize it was won by H. M. Haerly.

—"The Enchanted Hostelry," one of the plays to be given next Tuesday evening, was played here on two other occasions, when the casts of characters were as follows:

	THESPIANS, Oct. 12, 1869.	COLUMBIANS, Dec. 22, 1873.
Lord Aubrey,	Judson A. Fox,	William Gavitt.
Aloysius,	J. C. Eisenmann,	H. G. Cassidy.
Peter, the Poor Scholar,	R. L. Akin,	J. F. Wolfe.
Bill, the Blacksmith,	T. Watson,	P. G. Lilly.
Tom, the Drover,	H. P. Morancy,	F. C. St. Aubin.
Jack, the Butcher,	P. Clarke,	J. S. Gregory.
Joe, the Gardener,	T. Dillon,	L. B. Sanders.
Jim, the Forester,	L. Wilson,	W. Van't Woud.
Teddy, the Tinker,	James Deehan,	G. W. Crummey.
Landlord,	James Wilson,	P. O'Sullivan.
Melancardios,	L. B. Logan,	J. B. Crummey.
Mysticus,	G. McAtkinson,	A. Horne.

—There will be a dramatic Entertainment given next Tuesday evening, Dec. 31st, at 7 o'clock, in Washington Hall. It will be given by the New Year's Club, an organization formed a few days ago by the students who remained here during the Christmas holidays. The following is the cast of characters in the two plays to be given:

THE ENCHANTED HOSTELRY; OR, THE SEVEN TRAVELLERS.

A MELLOW DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

Lord Aubrey.....	J. J. Quinn
Aloysius, his Page.....	J. Thompson
Peter, the Poor Scholar,.....	J. P. Quinn
Bill, the Blacksmith,.....	T. Simms
Tom, the Drover,.....	J. P. Kinney
Jack, the Butcher,.....	A. Keenan
Joe, the Gardener,.....	J. Hickerson
Jim, the Forester,.....	Wm. Cox
Teddy, the Tinker,.....	R. E. Keenan
Landlord of the Hostelry.....	J. M. Byrnes
Melancardios, the Enchanter,.....	J. B. Berteling
Mysticus, Spirit of Unreality and Hallucination,.....	A. J. Burger

Evil Spirits, Ghosts, etc., etc.

HANDY ANDY.

ARRANGED FOR THE OCCASION.

Handy Andy.....	P. J. Hagan
Squire Egan.....	S. Spalding
Squire O'Grady.....	P. J. Dougherty
Mad Nick.....	F. W. Cavanaugh
Ned O'Connor.....	J. B. McGrath
Mr. Furlong.....	J. J. Coleman
Mr. Murphy.....	W. J. Murphy
Dick Dawson.....	J. J. Shugrue
O'Grady's Man.....	G. P. Cassidy

Roll of Honor.

[The following are the names of those students who during the past week have by their exemplary conduct given satisfaction to all the members of the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

W. H. Arnold, J. B. Berteling, James P. Brise, J. J. Coleman, G. P. Cassidy, T. F. Conlan, Wm. Connolly, W. H. Carpenter, F. W. Cavanaugh, D. S. Coddington, E. Calkins, M. Doty, E. Dempsey, P. J. Dougherty, L. J. Evers, M. English, J. P. Hagan, J. C. Herrmann, T. Hale, J. T. Harrison, C. W. Hickerson, J. P. Kinney, R. E. Keenan, J. R. Kelly, M. Laughlin, P. B. Larkin, A. A. Lent, W. J. Murphy, J. B. McGrath, M. J. McCue, M. J. McEniry, Thos. Mackey, Wm. O'Brien, R. C. O'Brien, J. P. Quinn, Wm. Ryan, R. D. Stewart, S. T. Spalding, T. W. Simms, J. J. Shugrue, John Simms, Ed. Schifferle, A. Scheiber, P. Shea, J. Thompson, P. H. Vogle, F. Williams, F. X. Wall.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. G. Brady, J. M. Boose, Frank Becker, B. A. Casey, J. C. Casey, P. C. Crowley, G. C. Castanedo, H. E. Canoll, A. A. Caren, W. D. Cannon, G. H. Donnelly, J. W. Devitt, H. F. Devitt, L. D. Dimick, O. C. Eigholz, R. L. French, H. J. Fenner, E. F. Fogarty, J. W. Guthrie, J. A. Gibbons, F. H. Guynn, H. M. Haerly, J. Kurz, J. A. Lumley, A. B. Mergentheim, T. F. McGrath, J. L. Morgan, J. F. Mug, J. L. Nelson, J. A. O'Donnell, G. A. Orr, E. B. Piekenbrock, F. T. Pleins, A. P. Perley, Alec. Rietz, Willie Rietz, C. F. Rietz, Dennis Reidy, A. S. Rock, K. L. Scanlan, J. M. Scanlan, J. M. Schneider, E. G. Sugg, F. C. Scheid, J. K. Schoby, C. P. Van Mourick, R. P. Williams, E. S. Walter, A. F. Zahm, Frank Zeis, M. L. Foote, R. E. McCarthy, T. G. Arthur.

Saint Mary's Academy.

—Visitors during the week were: Mr. E. A. Thomas, of Valparaiso, Ind.; Mr. Wm. Shindler, of Mishawaka; Mrs. L. Condon, Mr. E. Condon; Miss E. Johnson, of Peoria, Ill.; Miss F. Lloyd, of Muskegon, Mich.; Mr. E. Coleman, of Elkhart, Ind.; Mrs. Ellsworth; Mr. G. T. Mooney, of Olyphant; Mr. S. H. Tam, of Logansport, Ind.; Mr. T. Kelly; Mr. P. Garrity, of Chicago; Mr. A. Winkler, Mishawaka, Ind.

—Some of the presents worked by loving hands for Christmas-gifts are handsome. Watch-pockets, jewel-cases, tidys, ottomans, and the thousand-and-one little articles which go to adorn a refined home. One handkerchief-case of rich dark silk, the compartments painted in water-colors and beautifully put together, by Miss Kirchner, shows great taste. The work generally must please parents, for they will at once recognize the fact that their daughters have learned to economize time, fancywork being done at odd moments.

—The Art Department is a scene of beauty; visitors linger over the many specimens of skill, and love to watch the artists at work. Among many sketches from nature, one, representing Trinity Arbor and the adjacent grounds is very good. Mottoes, painted cushions, and panels, are in abundance. One young lady is making a crayon portrait of herself; another is engaged on heads from casts, A *St. Jerome* when finished will be a credit to the Department. Nowhere can young artists find a better model than the scenery around St. Mary's. The pencil-work is most promising, and the preliminary "blocks" are making good foundation for excellence in future pictures.

For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, and correct deportment the following young ladies are enrolled on the

Tablet of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Sarah Moran, Clara Silverthorn, Eleanor Keenan, Mary Danaher, Zoé Papin, Emma Lange, Adella Gordon, Elizabeth Kirchner, Adelaide Kirchner, Ellen Galen, Catharine Hackett, Elizabeth Walsh, Mary Brown, Elizabeth Schwass, Catharine Lloyd, Genevieve Winston, Catharine Danaher, Annie Ryan, Catharine Ward, Jessie Grover, Genevieve Welch, Emma Gerrish, Alicia Donelan, Margaret Carroll, Julia Barnes, Mary Mullen, Alma Moe, Kathleen Wells, Mary Fitzgerald, Adelaide Bisby, Caroline Hopkins, Martha Pampel, Ollie Williams, Caroline Gall, Mary Ludwig, Mary Hake, Della McKerlie, Mary Campbell, Annie Herrman, Teresa Zahm, *par excellence*. Misses Edlen McGrath, Sarah Hambleton, Lucie Chilton.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Annie McGrath, Ellen Mulligan, Marie Dallas, Linda Fox, Agnes McKinnis, Johanna Baroux, Annie Orr, Julia Wells, Maud Casey, Ada Clarke, Mary Chirhart, Elizabeth Considine, Marie McN. Garrity, Mary Poquette, Jane McGrath, Martha Zimmerman, Elise Lavoie, Alice Esmer, Manuelita Chaves, Alice King, *par excellence*. Misses Angela Ewing, Mary Mulligan, Mary Feehan, Laura French, Margaret Cleghorn, Mary Lyons, Elise Dallas, Mary McFadden, Catharine Campbell, Julia Butts, Ellen Lloyd, Sophie Papin, Jessie Pampel, Julia Cleary, Elise Papin, Blanche de Chantal Garrity.

FRENCH.

1st CLASS—Misses Eleanor Keenan, Clara Silverthorn, Mary McGrath, Annie McGrath.

2D Div.—Misses Ellen Galen, Marie Dallas, Elise Lavoie.
 2D CLASS—Misses Jessie Grover, Lucie Chilton, Zoé Papin, Angela Ewing, M. Brown, 100.
 3D CLASS—Misses Mary Campbell, Linda Fox, Julia Butts, Genevieve Winston.

4TH CLASS—Misses Ollie Williams, Mary Feehan, Emma Gerrish, Catharine Danaher, Catharine Wells, Adella McKerie, Catharine Lloyd, Johanna Baroux, Annie Ryan, Catharine Ward.

GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Misses Adelaide Geiser, Rebecca Neteler, Adelaide Kirchner.

2D CLASS—Misses Mary Usselman, Adella Gordon, Annie Herman, Elizabeth Schwass.

3D CLASS—Misses Ina Capelle, Mary Ludwig, Minna Loeber, Alice Farrell, Caroline Gall, Charlotte Van Namee.

4TH CLASS—Misses Catharine Hackett, Alice Donelan, Mary Tam, Mary Fitzgerald, Margaret McNamara, Julia Butts, Mary Zimmermann, Maud Casey.

THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

1ST CLASS—Misses Adella Geiser, Clara Silverthorn, Elizabeth Kirchner, Minerva Spier.

2D CLASS—Misses Ellen Galen, Eleanor Keenan.

2D Div.—Misses Adella Gordon, Harriet Buck, Angela Dillon, Mary Usselman, Genevieve Welsh.

3D CLASS—Misses Louisa Neu, Teresa Killelea, Henrietta Rosing, Mary Sullivan.

2D Div.—Misses Mary Brown, Adelaide Kirchner, Alice Farrell, Mary Campbell, Aurelia Mulhall, Annie McGrath, Elizabeth Walsh, Mary McGrath, E. Lange.

4TH CLASS—Misses Marie Dallas, Catharine Hackett, Mary Mullen, Anna Cortright, Jessie Grover, Anna Maloney.
 2D Div.—Misses Alice Wells, Caroline Gall, Genevieve Winston, Mary English, Kathleen Campbell.

5TH CLASS—Misses Annie Hermann, Mary Danaher, Zoé Papin, Emma Shaw, Angela Ewing, Annie Woodin, Della McKerie, Emma Gerrish.

2D Div.—Misses Laura French, Marie Plattenburg, Charlotte Van Namee, Elizabeth Schwass, C. Danaher, Mary Mulligan, Minna Loeber.

6TH CLASS—Misses Alma Moe, Mary Birch, Mary Hake, Linda Fox, Amy Jones, Rebecca Neteler, Agnes Brown, Eleanor Thomas, Mary Casey, Julia Wells, Martha Pampel.

2D Div.—Misses Johanna Baroux, Agnes McKinnis, Lucie Chilton, Julia Kingsbury, Catharine Lloyd, Annie Orr, Martha Doxey, Maud Casey, Mary Garrity, Ellen Cavanaugh, Elise Dallas.

7TH CLASS—Misses Alicia Donelan, Grace Glasser, Mary Fitzgerald, Mary Tam, Mary McFadden, Margaret Ryan, Catharine Ward, Philomena Wolford, Caroline Hopkins, Julia Barnes.

8TH CLASS—Misses Elise Papin, Mary Chirhart, Julia Cleary.

9TH CLASS—Misses Julia Butts, Ellen Lloyd, Martha Zimmerman, Manuelita Chaves, Ada Clarke, Emma Fisk, Alice King.

HARP—2D CLASS—Miss E. Galen.

3D CLASS—Misses Angela Dillon, Mary Brown, Mary Campbell, Minerva Spier.

HARMONY—1ST CLASS—Misses Elizabeth Kirchner, Adella Geiser, Clara Silverthorn, Minerva Spier, Teresa Walters.

3D CLASS—Misses Ellen Galen, Adella Gordon, Harriet Buck.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS, 2D Div.—Miss Elizabeth Kirchner.

2D CLASS—Miss Adelaide Kirchner, Mary Usselman.

3D CLASS—Misses Adella Gordon, Genevieve Winston, Clara Silverthorn, Agnes Brown, Catharine Hackett, Adella Geiser.

4TH CLASS—Misses Aurelia Mulhall, Alice Farrell, Anna Woodin, Mary Casey.

5TH CLASS—Misses Mary McGrath, Emma Shaw, Zoé Papin, Annie McGrath, Harriet Buck, Angela Ewing, Mary Birch, Anna Jones, Mary English, Eleanor Thomas, Mary Mulligan, Charlotte Van Namee.

GENERAL CLASS—Misses Alma Moe, Teresa Zahm, Julia Butts, Laura French, Linda Fox, Mary McFadden.

THEORETICAL CLASSES.—Misses E. Lange, E. Keenan, H. Buck, L. Neu, M. Usselman, A. Dillon, M. McGrath, A. Farrell, M. Sullivan, C. Hackett, T. Killelea, M. Campbell, G. Winston, E. Walsh, A. McGrath, J. Grover, C. Gall, A. Mulhall, A. Ewing, H. Rosing, A. Wells, M. Mullen, M. Dallas, A. Maloney, M. English, E. Gerrish, A. Cortright, M. Danaher, C. Danaher, E. Thomas, M. Loeber, P. Wolford, L. Chilton, G. Glasser, A. Donelan, J. Kingsbury, M. Tam, M. Fitzgerald, C. Ward, M. Ryan, L. Fox, M. Chirhart.

ART DEPARTMENT.

DRAWING.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

1ST CLASS—Misses Elizabeth Kirchner, Genevieve Welsh, E. Lange.

3D CLASS—Misses Marie Dallas, Jessie Grover, Elizabeth Schwass, Laura French, Angela Ewing, Mary Campbell, Catharine Campbell, Sophie Papin, Maud Casey, Ella Mulligan.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

2D CLASS—Misses Sarah Moran, Sallie Hambleton.

GENERAL DRAWING CLASS.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ollie Williams, Mary Campbell, Jessie Grover, Catharine Danaher, Teresa Zahm, Adelaide Bisby, Anna Herrmann, Caroline Gall, Catharine Hackett, Margaret Carroll, Margaret Whealan, Caroline Hopkins, Grace Glasser.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Catharine Campbell, Margaret Cleghorn, Julia Wells, Sophie Papin, Johanna Baroux, Annie McGrath, Laura French, Maud Casey, Adelaide Clarke, Elise Dallas, Ellen Mulligan, Mary Paquette, Annie Orr, Jane McGrath, Manuelita Chaves, Elizabeth Consadine, Ellen Lloyd, Mary McFadden, Martha Zimmermann, Mary Feehan, Elise Lavoie, Elise Papin.

ORNAMENTAL NEEDLEWORK.

1ST CLASS—Misses Elizabeth Schwass, Mary Tam, Teresa Killelea, Mary Usselman, Eleanor Thomas, Agnes Brown, Aurelia Mulhall, Mary Casey, Amy Jones.

2D Div.—Misses Mary Hake, Annie Woodin, Mary Sullivan, Alice Hiltman, Linda Fox, Marie Plattenburg, Emma Lang, Catharine Ward, Angela Dillon.

PLAIN SEWING.

Misses Sarah Moran, Hope Russell, Emma Lange, Elizabeth Kirchner, Adelaide Kirchner, M. Brown, Clara Silverthorn, Ellen McGrath, Annie Maloney, Mary Usselman, Nellie Galen, Lizzie Schwass, Alice Farrell, Zoé Papin, Lucie Chilton, Mary Birch, Annie Jones, Angela Dillon, Alma Moe, Emma Shaw, Ellena Thomas, Catharine Hackett, Minnie Loeber, Mary English, Mary Sullivan, Ina Capelle, Julia Barnes, Addie Geiser, Carrie Gall, Louisa Neu, Julia Kingsbury, Jessie Grover, Mary Danaher, Katie Danaher, Ida Fisk, Philomena Wolford, Della McKerie, Mary Tam, Mary Hake, Mary Carroll, Mary Fitzgerald.

Roll of Honor.

ACADEMIC COURSE.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Sarah Moran.

1ST SR. CLASS—Misses Clara Silverthorn, Mary Danaher, Eleanor Keenan, Zoé Papin, Ellen McGrath, Sarah Hambleton.

2D SR. CLASS—Misses Jessie Grover, Adelaide Kirchner, Ellen Galen, Catharine Danaher, Annie Ryan, Adella Gordon, Catharine Hackett, Genevieve Winston, Catharine Ward, Mary Brown, Elizabeth Schwass, Elizabeth Schwass, Catharine Lloyd, Angela Ewing.

3D SR. CLASS—Misses Lucie Chilton, Alicia Donelan, Margaret Carroll.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Alma Moe, Mary Fitzgerald, Kathleen Wells, Mary Mullen, Julia Barnes, Caroline Hopkins, Minna Loeber, Adelaide Bisby.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses Teresa Zahm, Anna Herman, Mary Campbell, Della McKerie, Ollie Williams, Mary Feehan, Linda Fox, Caroline Gall, Laura French, Mary Ludwig.

JUNIOR PREP.—Misses Mary McFadden, Julia Butts, Mary Lyons, Catharine Campbell, Maud Casey, Julia Wells, Sophie Papin.

1ST JR.—Misses Julia Cleary, Elise Lavoie, Elise Papin, Mary Paquette, Elizabeth Consadine, Ada Clarke, Mary Chirhart.

2D JR.—Misses Blanche de Chantal Garrity, Alice Esmer, Jane McGrath, Manuelita Chaves, Martha Zimmerman, Teresa Haney.

3D JR.—Miss Alice King.

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A. KIMBALL,
General Superintendent.

JAMES BONNEY
THE PHOTOGRAPHER

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.

Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—Nov. 11, 1877.

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	‡Night Express.
Lv. Chicago.....	7 00 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	4 00 p.m.	5 15 p.m.	19 00 p.m.
" Mich. City..	9 25 "	11 10 "	6 35 "	7 40 "	1 15 "
" Niles	10 45 "	12 15 p.m.	8 12 "	9 00 "	12 35 a.m.
" Kalamazoo..	12 33 p.m.	1 40 "	10 00 "	10 26 "	2 17 "
" Jackson.....	3 45 "	4 05 "	*Jackson Express.	12 50 a.m.	4 45 "
Ar. Detroit.....	6 48 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	8 00 "
	*Mail	*Day Express.		†Pacific Express.	‡Evening Express.
Lv. Detroit.....	7 00 a.m.	9 35 a.m.	5 40 a.m.		
" Jackson.....	10 20 "	12 15 p.m.	8 40 "		
" Kalamazoo..	1 13 p.m.	2 38 "	4 45 p.m.	9 50 p.m.	6 20 p.m.
" Niles	3 05 "	4 07 "	4 30 a.m.	12 45 a.m.	9 40 "
" Mich. City..	4 30 "	5 20 "	6 30 "	2 53 "	12 35 a.m.
Ar. Chicago.....	6 55 "	7 40 "	7 55 "	4 24 "	2 38 "
			10 30 "	5 47 "	4 15 "
				8 00 "	6 45 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH.		*GOING SOUTH.	
Lv. So. Bend—	8 45 a.m. 6 30 p.m.	Lv. Niles—	7 05 a.m. 4 15 p.m.
" N. Dame—	8 52 " 6 38 "	" N. Dame—	7 40 " 4 48 "
Ar. Niles—	9 25 " 7 15 "	Ar. So. Bend—	7 45 " 4 55 "

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. ‡Saturday and Sunday excepted.
 HENRY C. WENTWORTH, H. B. LEDYARD,
 G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill. Gen'l Manager, Detroit, Mich.
 G. L. ELLIOTT, Agent, South Bend, Ind.

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AND PENNSYLVANIA R. R. LINE.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

NOV. 10, 1878.

TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT,

Cor. Canal and Madison Sts. (West Side).

On arrival of trains from North and Southwest.

GOING WEST.

	No. 1, Fast Ex.	No. 7, Pac. Ex.	No. 3, Night Ex.	No. 5, Mail.
Pittsburgh,.....Leave	11.45 P.M.	9.00 A.M.	1.50 P.M.	6.00 A.M.
Rochester,.....	12.53 A.M.	10.12 "	2.55 "	7.45 "
Alliance,.....	3.10 "	12.50 P.M.	5.35 "	11.00 "
Orrville,.....	4.50 "	2.26 "	7.13 "	12.55 P.M.
Mansfield,.....	7.00 "	4.40 "	9.20 "	3.11 "
Crestline,.....Arrive	7.30 "	5.15 "	9.45 "	3.50 "
Crestline,.....Leave	7.50 A.M.	5.40 P.M.	9.55 P.M.	
Forest,.....	9.25 "	7.35 "	11.25 "	
Lima,.....	10.40 "	9.00 "	12.25 A.M.	
Ft. Wayne,.....	1.20 P.M.	11.55 "	2.40 "	
Plymouth,.....	3.50 "	2.46 A.M.	4.55 "	
Chicago,.....Arrive	7.00 "	6.00 "	7.58 "	

GOING EAST.

	No. 4, Night Ex.	No. 2, Fast Ex.	No. 6, Atlan. Ex.	No. 8, Mail.
Chicago,.....Leave	9.10 P.M.	8.30 A.M.	5.15 P.M.	
Plymouth,.....	2.46 A.M.	11.48 "	8.55 "	
Ft. Wayne,.....	6.55 "	2.25 P.M.	11.30 "	
Lima,.....	8.55 "	4.20 "	1.30 A.M.	
Forest,.....	10.10 "	5.27 "	2.33 "	
Crestline,.....Arrive	11.45 "	6.55 "	4.05 "	
Crestline,.....Leave	12.05 P.M.	7.15 P.M.	4.15 A.M.	6.05 A.M.
Mansfield,.....	12.35 "	7.45 "	4.55 "	6.55 "
Orrville,.....	2.26 "	9.38 "	7.00 "	9.15 "
Alliance,.....	4.00 "	11.15 "	9.00 "	11.20 "
Rochester,.....	6.22 "	1.20 A.M.	11.06 "	2.00 P.M.
Pittsburgh,.....Arrive	7.30 "	2.30 "	12.15 P.M.	3.30 "

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2 25 a. m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 9 50; Cleveland 2 30 p. m.; Buffalo 8 05 p. m.

11 05 a. m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5 25 p. m.; Cleveland 10 10 p. m.; Buffalo, 4 a. m.

12 16 p. m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 5 40 p. m.; Cleveland 10 10 p. m.; Buffalo 4 a. m.

9 12 p. m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2 40 a. m.; Cleveland, 7 05 a. m.; Buffalo, 1 10 p. m.

4 50 and 4 p. m., Way Freight.

GOING WEST.

2 43 a. m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3 35 a. m., Chicago 6 a. m.

5 05 a. m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 50 a. m.; Chicago 8 20 a. m.

4 50 p. m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 40; Chicago, 8 p. m.

8 03 a. m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 05 a. m.; Chicago 11 30 a. m.

7 30 and 8 03 a. m., Way Freight.

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Time Table, in Effect MAY 19, 1878.

Going North.		STATIONS		Going South.	
		ARRIVE	LEAVE.		
1.40 a. m.	3.20 p. m.	- - Michigan City, - -	- -	9.35 a. m.	8.05 p. m.
12.55 "	2.30 "	- - - La Porte, - - -	- - -	10.25 "	8.55 "
12.23 "	2.08 "	- - - Stillwell, - - -	- - -	10.45 "	9.20 "
12.07 "	1.44 "	- - - Walkerton, - - -	- - -	11.10 "	9.47 "
11.27 p. m.	1.27 "	- - - Plymouth, - - -	- - -	11.47 "	10.33 "
10.31 "	12.10 "	- - - Rochester, - - -	- - -	12.40 p. m.	11.32 "
9.55 "	11.26 a. m.	- - - Denver, - - -	- - -	1.17 "	12.12 a. m.
9.25 "	10.47 "	- - - Peru, - - -	- - -	2.00 "	12.40 "
9.03 "	10.26 "	- - Bunker Hill, - - -	- - -	2.22 "	1.01 "
8.33 "	9.56 "	- - Kokomo Junction, - -	- -	3.00 "	1.35 "
7.52 "	9.13 "	- - - Tipton, - - -	- - -	3.38 "	2.16 "
7.10 "	8.30 "	- - Noblesville, - - -	- - -	4.25 "	3.02 "
6.10 "	7.25 "	- - Indianapolis, - - -	- - -	5.25 "	4.00 "
		- - Cincinnati, - - -	- - -	10.00 "	8.15 "
		- - Louisville, - - -	- - -	10.45 "	8.20 "
		- - Saint Louis, - - -	- - -	7.30 a. m.	5.00 p. m.

PERU & INDIANAPOLIS EXPRESS.

Leave Peru 6.10 a. m., - - - Arrive Indianapolis 9.35 a. m.

" " 9.00 " - - - " " 12.00 noon.

RETURNING

Leave Indianapolis 12.25 p. m., - - - Arrive Peru 3.50 p. m.

" " 11.10 " - - - " " 2.55 a. m.

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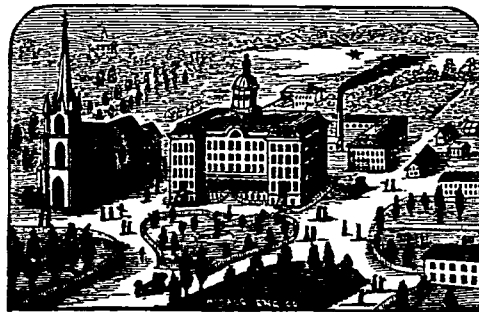
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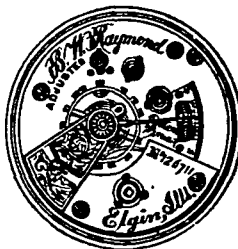
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